

above the surface to denote the position of
drill, the drill harrow or cultivator was used

kill all young weeds and make the soil mellow and friable in preparation for moulding. The last mentioned operation was performed three times, according to the crop required, it, twice with the single, and once with the double mould board plow. There was not a weed to be seen. One acre thus manured will produce as much as five acres of land tilled and manured in the ordinary way.

There is scarcely any use in preparing the soil carefully, or managing the manure heap properly, if good seed be not selected. None but the very best of the most approved varieties should be used. Round tubers of long varieties, and long tubers of round varieties are out of shape, and deteriorated and consequently should be rejected. The seed should be true to its kind. The crown of the potato grows under the crown for seed, and the remainder of the tuber for feeding stock &c. It has been planted from time to time, ten acres with seed having only one eye to each set, thirty acres with whole tubers, and hundreds of acres with seed cut from large potatoes having two, three or four eyes on each set. The seed with one eye produces tubers of a large, and uniform size, but few and far between. The whole tubers produced a large crop, but the tubers were uneven, some were very large, and some very small. The sets cut from mature and well and all things being equal, I would be confident of obtaining the most profitable crop from seed of the latter description. When potatoes are dear and seed scarce, planting sets with one eye each, is an economical method, for the crown being the best of the tuber, and having several eyes, can be divided into several parts, whilst the rest of the potato can be used for culinary purposes. I have always found the crown set the best part of the tuber for seed. It produces potatoes which ripen earlier and are of better shape, and quality than those which are raised from sets taken from any other part of the tuber. There is a difference of opinion as to the merits of two distinct modes of cultivating the potato, namely *drilling and hilling*, in my opinion the first mentioned is by far the better system, as the greater part of the work can be performed by the plow, and the plants being separated from each other, and having an equal portion of sun, air and soil shoot upwards and strike downwards, spread on every side and produce an abundant crop. Every cultivator of potatoes should procure the best seed even at a very high price. Plant large sets, and always bear in mind that small potatoes are "small potatoes."

To ensure a good crop, the seed must be in the ground early, weeds totally eradicated, and the crown culture of the crop attended to with care and exactness.—*Michigan Farmer.*



MAINE FARMER
THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1895.

NOTE.—We have secured the services of Mr. DAVID STICKNEY, of this city, as traveling canvassing agent, and Correspondent of the Farmer. Mr. Stickney has been long and favorably known to Publishers and the public, as a Newspaper Business Agent and Correspondent. He will visit during the coming season, the Counties of Penobscot, Piscataquis, and Aroostook, and we commend him to the notice of our friends. He will be a regular contributor to the Farmer, and items of news, facts, or suggestions of general interest communicated to him, will have an early notice in our columns.

THE AROOSTOOK RAILROAD.

Below we give you an abstract of the Aroostook Railroad Bill, as the act passed by the recent Legislature is called, which makes provisions for building that long contemplated and much needed thoroughfare. The act in *extenso* will be issued by us next week, in an extra sheet, in connection with the other laws passed at the recent session.

The bill has been prepared with much care, and it is left to the people to ratify or reject it on the 12th of June next.

It will be seen that the route proposed is from Bangor up the Penobscot River to Mattawamkeag point,—about sixty miles, thence across on the most eligible ground to the eastern line of the State, forty miles, where it will connect with a road from Halifax, through Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. A branch from this latter section is to run up the Aroostook River. The route thus seems to be divided into two natural sections, viz.: from Bangor to Mattawamkeag, and from this latter point to the Province line. Or in other words, they may be distinguished into the Penobscot section, and the Aroostook section. It will also be seen that the Penobscot section is to be built by private enterprise; and when this private enterprise, in Bangor and vicinity, has constructed their sixty miles of Penobscot road, all in good shape to Mattawamkeag, then, and not till then, a portion of the public lands are to be used in aid of constructing the Aroostook section.

We wish it to be clearly understood that the lands themselves are not given to the Railroad company for this purpose, for then the company could sell them when and how they pleased, but the lands are to be kept in the hands of the State or its agents, and a portion of the money obtained by the sale of lands not otherwise excepted by the bill, are to be used in aid of the building of the Aroostook section. Before a dollar of this land money can be called for, a good and substantial road is to be built up into the new country on one side, and the Province road will be built on the other, and we, the people, are then to use our money to put in the last link of forty miles, to finish a grand thoroughfare, not only into our public lands, but through our whole State, thus making us no longer a mere outsider, a "jumping off place" as is often said, but a middle territory, or station, of magnificent chain of internal improvement and international communication as can be found in the world. A question so vitally, intimately, and immediately connected with the future greatness of the State, was never before submitted to us as a people, nor indeed to any people. By our act on the 12th of June next, we shall say whether Maine shall adopt such a new and liberal policy as shall lift her from the low level she has so long occupied, as compared with other States, and raise herself to an elevation equal to that which many other communities have attained, or whether she will continue to plod on in the old way, crouching as did Ismael of yore, like "an ass between two burthens" viz: lack of liberal public spirit and energy on one hand, and the consequent depreciation and loss of public property and self respect on the other.

We are aware that there are some who oppose this measure. Some are honestly opposed to it from a fear that by diverting the proceeds of the public lands from the usual course, we shall be rendered unable to meet the annually recurring liabilities of the State, and that an increase of State tax must be the ultimate result.

Others oppose it from a feeling of local jealousy, and try to convince the measure will tend to build up one portion of the State at the expense of the other.

The first class of opposers need only enlighten themselves by sound argument and demonstrable facts. The latter class are men who mistake prejudice for reason, and are too circumscribed in their views to listen to facts or arguments, or to make a patient investigation of the matter. It is to be hoped that this class is small.

These questions we reserve for a future consideration. At present, there is one pressing upon us of more immediate and primary importance, and that is—*Shall Maine raise up and set her own lands, or shall she continue to send her children abroad to settle those of other States?* This query may appear absurd to some, and would be so, had not the absurd and suicidal policy of Maine hitherto rendered it appropriate and applicable to the condition of affairs among us. It demands the serious attention of every friend to the State. That we have made comparatively slow, very slow progress in settling our public lands, is a fact which no man can deny. That we have done more than our share—the population of our State and its capital considered, in settling the public lands of Western States—the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and the States of California and Oregon is equally true. The results of this is that the most fertile and easily settled lands in the West have been secured by the States of Kansas and Nebraska, and the States of California and Oregon. The results of this is that the most fertile and easily settled lands in the West have been secured by the States of Kansas and Nebraska, and the States of California and Oregon.

Why is it? Why is it, that when we have thousands upon tens of thousands of fertile acres of wild land, capable of being converted by a little industry into superior farms which would afford all the necessities and luxuries of common life, our people flock to obtain land in other States and leave our own unclaimed and untended? Because, strange as it may seem, we have allowed those lands to be hitherto, more difficult of access, although within our own borders, than are those of other States and Territories thousands of miles away.

Ever since the commencement of Railroads, the facilities of travel have all tended towards.

Those most conversant with travel in different sections of our own State, and have travelled in other States, will tell you that they can travel more easily from Augusta to the Mississippi river, than they can from Augusta to the Aroostook river. They will tell you, that a man with a family, desiring of obtaining new land for a home, can convey himself and family, and his goods with more ease to Illinois, than he can to the public lands of our own State. This is a shameful truth, and clearly has the State of Maine paid for her remoteness and neglect in regard to opening proper avenues into her public domain.

It is true that much money has been expended in making roads therein, and if no other facilities of travel were to be found in other States, we should be on equal footing in that respect with them. But common roads, necessary and useful as they may be, are not now the greatest convenience of intercommunication.

Who has now to travel long distances to market on a common road finds himself unable to compete with one who comes in at a far less expenditure of labor and time and pecuniary expense on a Railroad. Hence the shrewd, active enterprising man, turns his back upon a region, however great may be its natural advantages, and seeks one where all the modern appliances of cheap and rapid conveyance are in successful operation.

That this has been the case in our own State and has kept Maine in the background, an examination of the census tables will abundantly and conclusively show. We will go back no farther than 1820, when Maine became an independent State. We will take the first ten years, or decade of the census, and following down to 1850, mark the ratio of increase for the several ten year periods.

In 1820 the population of Maine was 238,335. At that period there were no railroads in existence, and we were as well off in regard to convenience of travel as others, and considering the extent of our sea-coast a little better. In 1830 our population amounted to 390,437. This made an increase of 101,102 in ten years, which, if we make no mistake, is, in round numbers 34 per cent.—that is, every hundred of people had added to itself 34. It is easy to see, had this ratio of increase continued up to the present time, what would now have been the population of Maine.

But at 1830, Railroad enterprises had commenced, and Maine, instead of uniting in those enterprises, stood looking on, regardless of her own interest. Not so her young men. Finding other States active in developing their resources, and therefore offering greater inducements for their enterprise, they rushed in, and what was the effect? The census of 1840 answers. We have seen that in 1830 our population was 390,437. In 1840 it was 501,796, making an increase of 102,359, which, instead of being an increase of 34 per cent, is only 24 per cent. Now, no one will deny that each hundred of people in Maine, had in reality increased as much during this last period as in the first; but they did not remain among us.—They left us to roll on the tide of property in other States. Well, how was it during the next period, from 1840 to 1850?

In 1850 the census gave us 583,190, an increase on 1840, of 81,394, which is a ratio of only 16 per cent! Thus we see, that our listlessness and neglect in regard to the development of our own resources, and in following up the improvements of the day, has reduced our ratio of increase, at a most fearful rate. Contrast, if you please, in your own mind, the difference of our condition at present, and what it would have been had we held on to our increase of 34 per cent, as it was during the first ten years of our State existence. We rejoice that, though late in the day, our Legislature has been aroused to the true condition of things, and have made an effort to retrieve, in some degree, our losses. They have, as we said in the beginning, made out a plan of operations, and the only plan by which this can possibly be done. And now, what you brother farmers, mechanics and laboring men of Maine? Shall it be done? To you has been given the power, and by our now rests the responsibility. Will you, by your votes, on the 12th of June, arrest the downward progress of the State of Maine, and in one day, put it in her power to take a high and prosperous position, and to maintain that position, or will you leave her, a laggard in the race, and a by-word and a reproach among her sister States of the Union? Fear not the increase of State taxes. An increase of taxable property will keep up the equilibrium. Settle your wild lands and thus get them into a taxable state, and every acre, now dormant and unavailable, and a bill of cost, will become productive and form an additional reliable fund to meet the exigencies of the State.

Section 1 places the public lands at the disposal of a Board of Commissioners, consisting of the Governor and Council, Land Agent and Treasurer, who are to hold them in trust, for certain public uses. Settling lands are to be sold in 100 acre lots, and open to purchase at a minimum price, in no case to exceed \$1 an acre, to an actual settler.

Any one may purchase and pay the full price, at the time of purchase, and sell the same to any one who shall occupy it and perform settling duties. An actual settler may have a deed of his lot, conditioned to pay the price in five years, one-fourth in two, three, four and five years respectively with interest.

Timber lands may be sold at the highest price they will bring, at auction, after six months notice, or at private sale, under such regulations as the Governor and Council may prescribe.

Section 2 reserves school lands, and soldiers

and all lands already appropriated; and one township in each of the Counties of Oxford, Somerset, Franklin and Piscataquis,—the proceeds to be expended in building roads. By this section there is also reserved the sum of \$11,200 for State roads in Aroostook County.

Section 3 provides that all expenses of management and sale are to be paid out of the proceeds of sales; after this the proceeds are to be applied to the building of a Railroad from Mattawamkeag to the Boundary in connection with a line to St. John, New Brunswick, and a branch to Aroostook.

Section 4 also provides that the road shall be completed to Mattawamkeag by the first of September, 1895. When ten miles more are completed than a proportional part of the proceeds of the lands for constructing the road above Mattawamkeag shall be paid over to the company by the Governor, and in the same proportion to the terminus of the road, which is to run to the east line of the State, and with a branch to Houlton, or to a point near that place.

Section 7 provides that the Legislature shall have power to change this law to aid the settler; to make judicious sale of land, and to guard against abuses, but for no other purpose.

There are other Sections providing for a submission of the question to the people, by a vote on the 21st of June.

The act carefully reserves the interest of the settler and the public. The Company get no land, none of the proceeds go to the company, except on the completion of the line, in sections of 10 miles each, beyond Mattawamkeag.

At this time the quantity of land held by the State is not far from two millions of acres, but a large portion of these lands are set off to Schools, &c., so that only about 1,250,000 acres are available to the Railway Company, and under the act no higher price than \$1 an acre can be realized for the best of them. The price may be put below that sum.

Italy. Notwithstanding recent advices from Europe, in regard to a Congress of the great powers to settle existing complications by diplomacy rather than the sword, there is still imminent probability of a war, in which France, Italy and Austria will be engaged and eventually involving on one side or the other the nations of the continent. In this aspect of things, a few words, which we copy from the Boston Journal, descriptive of the countries which will be the immediate theatre of action, and in relation to which the controversy has arisen, will not be without interest to our readers:

The Lombardy Venetian kingdom, the kingdom of Sardinia and the Papal States constitute the theatre of whatever warlike events are threatened by the present complication. Their area in square miles and their population in 1852 are put down as follows:

	Area.	Population.
Lombardy	17,547	5,007,472
Sardinia	27,472	5,090,245
Papal States	15,883	3,498,115

Besides these, there are the duchies of Parma, Modena and Tuscany, with which Austria has intimate treaties giving her a reversionary interest in them, and a controlling power over their affairs. They comprise, in the aggregate, an area of about 13,000 square miles, and an aggregate population of less than three millions.

Lombardy is a regular political and administrative division of the Austro-Sardinian empire, and is recognized by the Congress of Vienna. It comprehends two governments, that of Milan and that of Venice, with capitals of the same name. In religion, schools, politics and every other respect, occupying the entire loyalty of its inhabitants, it has the usual Austrian characteristics.

Sardinia, west of Lombardy, and occupying the northwest of Italy, has attained to late a political consequence out of proportion to her size.—This is owing to the liberal institutions which the monarchy has favored, and to the bold and enterprising character of her people. The face of the country shows great variety, from the unequalled heights of Mont Blanc to the rich fields of the south. From 1798 to 1814 Sardinia belonged to France. The army is about 50,000 men, capable of being raised on a war footing to over 150,000.

The chief cities are its capital, Turin, with a population of 143,157, and Genoa, population 125,339. The island of Sardinia forms a part of the kingdom, whose original nucleus was Svoicy. The capital of the Papal States is Rome, "the eternal city," whose population in 1852 was 275,834. The whole area is nominally rated at 21,059 men, although the effective forces are only about 12,000 men, who are utterly incapable of maintaining order without foreign support.—The country is poor, and heavily in debt to the government, ostensibly under the control of the Pope, is really in the hands of various ecclesiastical acting in nearly all official capacities. The States had in 1845, 9 archbishops, 52 bishops, 13 abbots, 1224 monasteries, and 10,000 monks, the secular clergy were estimated at 35,000, monks 10,000, nuns 8000. No wonder the country is not in flourishing condition.

A LIBEL SUIT. The editor of the Maine Medical and Surgical Reporter threatens our neighbor Gilman, of the Bath Times with a libel suit for some free speech which he has lately indulged in, in reference, we suppose, to the professional pretensions of that journal. We don't know what he has said or how he said it, but it is our private opinion that the Reporter editor will be, as somebody has expressed it, "a sadder and a wiser man" when he gets through with the suit, and has to pay a little for the luxury of law, than he is now. We counsel our juvenile friends to let the law alone. If editors are foolish enough to engage in a war of words, let them stand up to it man fashion,—ready to take blows as well as to give them, and not, when worsted in a contest upon which they have deliberately entered, run to the covert of the law for security or revenge.

A SAD EXPERIENCE. The following, communicated to us by a subscriber, well illustrates the expression of the poet, that "misfortune never comes single spies, but in battalions."

"My Henry Nicholas, of Holden, Me., had his house with most of its contents consumed by fire on the 30th of October last. On the 8th of March last, he lost a daughter aged 20 years, of consumption; and on the 7th of April last, his wife also was removed by death. He has now an invalid daughter aged 16 years, awaiting momentarily the summons to join

"the innumerable caravan,"

"That moves to the pale realm of shades."

HIGH AUTHORITY APPEALED TO. In his charge to the jury in the Stephens case, in New York, Judge Roosevelt said "we have the highest authority for saying, 'all that a man hath he will give for his life.' The passage quoted from is to be found in Job, ii. 4.—Satan answered the Lord and said, Skin for skin,—yes, all that a man hath he will give for his life."

The "authority" alluded to we have no doubt is very extensively acted upon, not only in New York, but elsewhere; but we are somewhat confounded to see it openly avowed and appealed to by a judge upon the bench.

A PHILOSOPHER. Chas. Holden, Esq., of Portland, the recent democratic candidate for Mayor, has not been a printer and editor for the last quarter of a century, without learning a lesson of equanimity and good nature, under all the successes and disappointments of life. The Portland Argus of Wednesday says—

Happening into our newspaper room on Monday afternoon, we found the defeated candidate for Mayor, assisting in "setting up" the inaugural of his successful rival, and criticizing it as he went along.

PREMIUMS. The Trustees of the West Somerset Agricultural Society offer the following premiums on crops to be raised the coming season viz:—

Best crop of corn, not less than one acre, \$2, second best \$1; best crop of potatoes, \$2, second best \$1; best crop of oats, \$1, second 50 cts; best crop of barley, \$1, second 50 cts; best crop of carrots, not less than 1 acre, \$1, second 50 cts; best crop of rutabagas, \$1, second 50 cts.

All applications for premiums must be accompanied with a certificate of product, method of cultivation, &c.

LOCAL NEWS.

Thursday night! The Farmer's come! Sweep and dust out our doors!
All day's weary labor's done,
Dew's shut out the silver moon;
Press the curtain back to find
It's night—thrice blue and gold.

Draw the stand up to the fire;
Evening shadows bring a chill;
Take that lamp, lit something higher;
Hark! a step upon the sill—
But 'tis gone; for once I'm glad:
Now, some knowledge shall be had.

Sweetly sounds the Poet's lyre,
Fast and fiction interest;
Poetry as last will win,
Fiction, even, bring arrest;
Neither would we willing lose,
In the "Pine State," only gleaming
Food for fancy by our dreaming.

Yes, up here in "Old Bay State,"
The days of the day are long;
We've been dreaming much of late
Of the things that might occur
In the "Pine State," only gleaming
Food for fancy by our dreaming.

Then all thanks for this one column
Gleaming with the light of hope;
Sitting here it bids us
Hark! a step upon the sill—
But 'tis gone; for once I'm glad:
Now, some knowledge shall be had.

Penobscot with your stores of iron,
From will and iron must,
You are lords of different metal,
Ours to greet you in life's battle;
Then away, away we gallop
Shouting cheer for the "Pine State."

Strong as strength of daring spirit,
You are lords of different metal,
Ours to greet you in life's battle;
Then away, away we gallop
Shouting cheer for the "Pine State."

Here is gladness, here is sorrow;
Adverse winds, and favoring breeze,
Till at last the column's ended,
And we ask of you to read,
Listen to our grateful Muse,
Thanking you for "Local News."

O. E. RAYMOND.

Brainster, Mass.

For the Maine Farmer.

WAYSIDE NOTES OF TRAVEL.—No. 2.

ON BOARD THE T. F. SCORR.

Between Augusta and Bath, April 14, 1895.

In this traveling day, it is important to know the best mode. Economy in time and money, safety, ease, comfort, and pleasure, are all to be regarded in making a correct decision. The primitive mode "footing it," the journeying on horseback, the packet or coaster, "with superior accommodations, to sail on"—wind and weather permitting," the mail stage and "accommodation line," the rail-road cars and steamboat, are all modes of travel, whose advantages might furnish matter for a newspaper article.

Without enlarging on these at present, I will say that for a trip from Augusta to Portland in summer, no conveyance equals the T. F. Scorr. It is a journey by day-light, amidst a constant succession of grand and beautiful river, rural, island, and ocean scenery, with occasional glimpses of villages, towns, and cities, upon a safe and commodious boat, having a gentlemanly and obliging captain and crew, low fare, and indeed everything to render the few hours spent in the journey pleasant and agreeable. The Scorr runs during the season three times a week each way, and may Capt. Bock have the patronage of all his friends, (and all who know him are of that class) and of all strangers who pass this way.

Bath, the great ship-building city of Maine, presents just now a very dull and quiet appearance. I noticed in passing the ship-yard, that although several vessels were on the stocks, yet I saw none on which work was being done.

The sound of the carpenter's sledge and axe, and caulker's mallet was not heard. All was silent and still. Yet all this silence is only a prelude to a storm. I saw several keels laid, and timber in preparation, and was told that it is expected that some twelve or sixteen ships will be built this season.

Freights are said, by a certain class of men to be low, and ships earning nothing. Yet this kind of talk is a part of the financial machinery of the world, or of certain men in the world. It is the safety valve, through which they let off their surplus spleen, because they cannot get rich faster than at the rate of ten thousand a year.

Bath will build ships this year as usual. The grumblers and whiners will talk about hard times and nothing doing, and yet they will live through it in spite of their everlasting complainings, and five years hence, you will hear them say, "if we only had good times, such as we had in fifty-nine, we could do something."

In passing from Augusta to Bath, we cross Merrymeeting bay, a broad sheet of water at the confluence of the Kennebec, Androscoggin, Cobscook, and New Meadows rivers. Below, the river was anciently called the Sagadahoc, which is an Indian word, meaning, *he mouths of rivers*. Upon this broad and beautiful bay, the native tribes from all the country around were accustomed to meet annually in council, and social festival.

Abagadasset Point at the north side of the bay was the place of meeting. Here, annually came the braves of all the tribes, to hold council on the momentous questions of peace and war. Here the statesmen, the priests, and the politicians consulted together upon their various political and religious intrigues, plotted how to crush their rivals, and augment their own power. Here aspirants for ambitious youth learned the lessons of political and religious craft. Here traffickers came with their merchandise, intent only on gain, regardless of the means. Here came hunters with the trophies of the chase, and recounted their perils and hair-brained schemes. Here old friends met and conversed on former scenes of war and woe; here came the ardent youth to find one to whom he would pledge his affections for life, and here, too, came the gay maiden, hoping to meet one who would solicit her heart and hand. On the occasion of these annual festivals which lasted for several days, the bay was covered with swift and light canoes in trials of speed; foot races, and games of jumping and wrestling were the amusements mingled in all the sport. It was a merry-making, and hence the name of the bay, a name that will remain down through the long tracts of time, to corroborate the truth of history with reference to an extinct race, when the lapse of time alone shall have rendered it seemingly fabulous.

Richmond and her ship-yards are quiet. A beautiful schooner of some one hundred and fifty tons which was on the stocks yesterday, but in the water to-day, lay at the wharf. A bark of some eight hundred tons, nearly ready for launching was being completed, and a keel for another large vessel was also laid, and men at work upon the frame. I judge from appearances that something is to be done at Richmond during the season.

Farmers also, all the way down the river are quiet. The season is not yet far enough advanced to enable them to commence work on their farms. A few warm days, however, will set in motion the industrial machinery of Maine. He who opens his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing, will send his sunshine and showers, and because he works, men should work also.

GRANT TO MAINE MEDICAL SCHOOL. Among the closing proceedings of the Legislature, was a grant of half a township of land to the Maine Medical School. A proviso was adopted that students should be entitled to receive their diploma without reference to the system of medicine, which they intended to adopt.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the author of "Maggie's Story." New York: Harper & Brothers. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This is a novel in the usual vein of novels, with plot, character and incident, worked up and developed into a very interesting climax, and ending, as a "romance and its hero" are prescriptively bound to end, all the world over, in the happy conjunction of a hero and heroine, after the usual mishaps and disappointments which lovers, as well as other people, are heirs to in this life. It is by an English author, and well written.

MORE ABOUT JESUS. With Illustrations and a Map. By the author of "Peep of Day," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers, Boston: A. Williams & Co.

A book for family and Sabbath School teaching. It presents the narrative of the life of Christ in a familiar form, with illustrations and descriptions of the manners and customs of his time. It is divided into lessons to which is appended a series of instructive questions and answers.

THE ANNOT, by Sir Walter Scott, is the sixth volume of T. B. Peterson & Brother's cheap edition of the Waverley Novels, published weekly at 25 cents per volume. We have heretofore noticed the enterprise of the Messrs. Peterson, but have as yet received but three volumes of their issue, viz: Ivanhoe, Guy Rannering and the Abbot.

NEW MUSIC FOR THE PIANO FORTE. We have received from the publishers, Oliver Ditson, & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, the following music:

Tell us Fairies. Song from Strakos's Operetta of Fairy Grotto.

The Voice of God. Words by Mrs. Hemans; Music by E. Falk.

One Wish for Thee. Song, composed by W. T. Wright.

Dream's Vision. Rondo—by Philip Sauer. Whap! whap! and soft. Bishop. The Foresters. "How merrily we live." Bohemian.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for May contains forty articles and seventy-one embellishments. The "Old Stone Mansion," by Chas. J. Peterson, continued in this number, is a very interesting story. The other reading is entertaining and useful. Philadelphia, published by C. J. Peterson, at \$2 per annum.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND." Chas. A. Pierce, a peevish dealer in this city has laid upon our table No. 19 of this popular work. It contains four pieces of music, viz: Rigolotto Redowa, by Holmbrung; Bring us the Goblet, song, by H. Hugo; Barcarolle (for piano), by A. Croiser; Rose Leaf Schottische, by Chas. Fradel. Published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 13 Frankfort st., New York.

THE AUBURN SHOE BUSINESS. During the month of January last 900 cases, or about 55,000 pairs of boots and shoes and shoes were shipped from the Auburn depot, besides those sent from the Lewiston side and by express. In the month of February 1011 cases, and in the month of March 1031 cases. In these three months 2932 cases were despatched, containing more than 175,000 pairs of boots and shoes, and valued at not less than \$100,000. This gives a business of \$400,000, a large proportion of which the Lewiston Journal says, is expended in the community for food and produce.

The March shipments being made to Bangor, Portland, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charleston, S. C., Mobile, Augusta, Ga., Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Wisconsin, St. Louis, and almost every other place of note from Calais to Galveston.

THE SICKLES TRIAL. Very little progress has been made during the past week in the trial of Sickles. The time has been mostly occupied by efforts on the part of the defence to introduce testimony deemed material by them as showing sufficient justification for the act, but which was resisted by the government as illegal and improper. Among other evidence, the written confession of Mrs. Sickles was presented, containing a full statement of the intercourse between the deceased and herself. This was ruled out by Judge Crawford; but the defence managed to get to the mind of the jury which the admission of the confession would have done.

We have no means of judging how long the trial will be continued. The indications are that it may be protracted for a week to come. The excitement in Washington increases as the case progresses.

WE don't believe one half the wonderful stories which are told about the Pike's Peak and Cherry Creek Gold Mines—particularly that suspicious large one which we published last week in regard to the manner of rapping the precious metal down the side of mountains in huge shavings, and gathering it up by the ton; but there are a great many people who do believe these stories, and who will be tempted by them to leave their comfortable homes in Maine in a foolish and vain pursuit. For the benefit of such—if we have any among our readers—we would call attention to the advertisement of the Grand Trunk Railroad, the obliging agent for which Mr. HENRY OGDEN, of this city, will put them on the surest, safest, and most expeditious route for the attainment of their wishes.

CHANGE OF PUBLISHERS. The last Gospel Banner announces the retirement of Mr. W. H. Mansfield from the publishing department of that paper, he being succeeded by Mr. James A. Bicknell, who will hereafter be associated in its business management with Mr. S. J. Ballou, under the firm of Ballou & Bicknell. We trust the new arrangement will be advantageous for all concerned.

BILLIARD MATCH. The great Billiard match for \$5000 a side, between Michael Phelan of New York, and John Serrator of Detroit, took place on Tuesday evening, 12th inst., at the latter city. It was a contest in which great physical endurance, as well as consummate coolness and skill was demonstrated.

HALLOWELL BRIDGE. The Hallowell Gazette says in reference to the project of a bridge across the Kennebec at that place, that subscriptions to the stock are coming in freely, and the prospect is fair that the work will be pushed forward to a successful issue.

George W. Benson, Esq., a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Lawrence, died very suddenly in that city last week. Mr. B. was a native of Parsonsfield, Maine.

The project in Rockland for only one service each Sabbath, the remaining portion of the day to be devoted to the Sabbath School, has failed, owing to a lack of sympathy with the movement on the part of the people.

S. O. T. The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Maine, holds its second quarterly session in Brunswick, on Wednesday of this week. It will also be the fourteenth anniversary of that organization of the order in this State.

THE LEE TRAGEDY. The terrible murder of the Potter family in Lee, as mentioned by us last week, has no parallel for lack of more and cold-blooded atrocity in the criminal history of our State. The murderer, Marshall Potter, was brought back to Lee on Sunday night, 10th inst., by the officer who arrested him, and on Monday he was examined before the jury of inquest, Dr. E. W. Field of Bangor, Coroner. The following proceedings before the coroner's jury, and the confession of the wretched murderer, we copy from the Bangor Whig of Wednesday last:

At ten o'clock the jury of inquest met at the town hall; in a few minutes the room was filled to overflowing, in expectation of seeing the murderer, and hearing him confess his awful crime.—What a picture was brought in, so great was the rush into the hall (a room in the second story) that the floor began to settle. This was the signal for a general stampede, and in order to gratify the public, the jury conferred on the platform, and the crowd, numbering about a thousand people, ranged itself on the Common fronting the building. Of his own accord the wretched man, Marshall Potter, made the following confession:

"I am guilty! I came home about 10 o'clock Wednesday night; my mother was up; she told me it was a fine time of night to come home. One of my brothers told me I had been over to Mr. Hanson's, and carried a bottle of liquor with me.

The Muse.

APRIL MEMORIES.

The lilac leaves put forth above
The spring-time early blossoms
The young grass grows its greenest here
Beneath the warm broad leaves
The birds flock back to Northern bowers
And fill the air with ringing
The harbingers of early flowers
On sunny hillside springing

After upon the breezy hills
The soft, blue hills are sleeping
And to the unfettered, gleaming rills
To meadows are leaping
The bland, pure air of spring replete
With many a sound of gladness
Brings back a yearning dream and sweet
But most akin to sadness

The old-time memories come again
Like incense round me wreathing
The drooping of the early rain
The odorous supple breathing
The consciousness of solitude
Which strangely seems to cheer me
On which no other sigh intrude
Though all the world were near me

I wandered down the lonely lane
Bordered by memories hallowed
The picture grows my eyes again
Which time has only hallowed
The winding footpath in the name
So still and wild and lonely
All things come old and new again
The change is with me only

Glad spring-time, waked to life once more,
Oh, in thy remembrance
Would that thou couldst again restore
The dead hopes of affection
Give back the noble heart, wild wave,
Or grant thy surges sleeping
Or grant to sorrowful hearts the grave,
The treasures thou art keeping

Oh, sudden tears like April rain,
Or pleasant memories fill
Oh, lips that smile with life again,
From far-off uplands call
Oh, radiant forms, which walk in white
Where Eden streams are flowing
When shall I see thee glowing
Along thy pathway glowing?

Oh! sudden from the melting sky
The golden gleams are shining
Look up! and see the gleams of life
Oh, golden gleams of life
Still shines his face as bright as day
In the broad sunshine of that love
Thy lost ones are abiding!

The Story Teller.

TWO SIDES TO THE PICTURE.
A FINE DOMESTIC STORY.

BY ALICE H. HAYEN.

The farm-house at Highwood was a pleasant picture to any one who would appreciate rural quiet and picturesque shading of the sky and foliage, with the neutral tints of the low building itself, and the great moss-covered rocks, to the right, that excited the wonder of all who saw them for the first time.

Mrs. James, the farmer's wife, could not understand the raptures of the town ladies and gentlemen, who had been out the last season to look at the place. Highwood was for sale; and when the visitors had been over the house, Mrs. James naturally asked them in, as she came back with the keys, and gave the best of the cottage afforded; so that she had many a compliment for her butter and bread, as well as the brown house, and she thought extremely plain and old-fashioned.

That was its peculiar charm. The low, sloping roof, now shaded by a huge apple tree, one mass of snowy blossoms—the Virginia creeper, and straggling May rose, that were nailed against the dark wood-work of the porch—the tidy doorway, with its clumps of snow-bell and lilac, and sweet syring, all of them taller than Mrs. James—and then the bald gray rocks, huge boulders of granite, riven and rugged in their old age, though draped, in summer by clinging blackberry vines,—made the little nook like a vignette of Birket Foster's, especially this warm spring day, the first in which Mrs. James had ventured to bring her sewing and sit in the open door, to watch her two boys—twins they were—scrambling over the rocks, while she, with her willow basket of mending, served as a nursery gateway for the eighteen-month baby, playing with empty spoons, in the little square landing at the foot of the stairs—three boys, four boys in all, for the oldest had followed his father out to the field on some household errand.

The neighbors all patted Mrs. James when the twins came; she seemed to have her hands full, with her husband, and bounding one of the twins, and three little children under foot—She was poorly all the spring, after their birth, and had some very miserable thoughts herself before the nurse left her; but her children were all healthy, and every one admired the new comers so much, for people came far and near to see them, that by the time they were out of arms a little, Mrs. James began to be very proud, and pity people who did not have twins!

She had the kindest husband in the world, too,—industrious, frugal though always willing to spend for the comfort of the house and his family; never out of temper, that is to say, with ordinary provocations, and as fond and proud of his wife as in the days of their courtship.

Ordinary observers might have considered the little woman's lot a very happy one; but she had her own troubles, as she used frequently to say, "No one could judge for another," and Mrs. James inclined to be "low spirited." There was the house people admired so much; she only wished they were obliged to live in it. The kitchen was the oddest place in winter! the roof leaked, so that all that her husband would do to discover and repair the mischief.

The village carpenter said "it was no use patching such an old shell—the whole thing ought to come off, but the place was in the hands of trustees, and Farmer James could not afford to undertake so formidable an expense on his own account. The downstairs bed-room was so small—that was another thing. When the trundle bed was out there was scarcely room to turn around, and "dear knows what I do!" And here Mrs. James sighed and shook her head, glancing into a very probable future.

Those trousers, and aprons, and stockings to be mended, in that basket, before she could touch her spring sewing, and her husband's Sunday shoes, had noticed, when putting away the clothes, "beginning to break." Plenty of work for one pair of hands, you will allow, considering that she set every stitch herself, beside doing most of the housework.

Mr. James was very reasonable—some men are not—about extra help. The woman who came every week to wash was frequently called in for Saturday's cleaning, and always helped in the fall, when there were hams, and sausage-meat and lard to be attended to; in fact, Mrs. James always felt at liberty to call on her, knowing that she was in no danger of cross words and black looks when she asked for "Betsy's money."

Her husband knew very well what an industrious, tidy little woman she was, and that she never wasted a penny on her own clothes or the children's.

"If there were not so many of them, and boys, too," thought Mrs. James, presently, as she adjusted a patch on the little gray trousers of one of the twins. "It's very hard that I should have so many children; there will be five under seven years! only think of it!—I don't think

there is another person in the world that is so much to be pitied!"

Mrs. James was suffering from a very severe attack of her besetting malady, "low spirits." They had become more frequent of late, though she had always been a little inclined that way; so frequent and so long continued that her husband began to get very uncomfortable about her, and came home tired at night, from the heavy spring work, dreading to enter the house lest he should be met by sighs and forebodings, with a covert personal threat now and then, which disturbed him more than his wife ever dreamed of.

In fact, she had no idea how this infirmity of temper had increased upon her, or she would have been shocked. How often she would hear her husband say, in the bright days of their early married life, that "he hated a fretful woman as he did a wet spell of weather in haying time."

Highwood had been sold at last. Mrs. James took down the great bunch of keys, for the five and fortieth time, one raw March morning, and put a shawl about her to accompany some visitors over the house. A tall, handsome gentleman sat on the lower step of the piazza, when she came up the sweep, and a little lady, not much taller than herself, but so light and graceful that she seemed to float through the dusky hall like a sunbeam, when the door was open, sat above him, while he warmed her frozen little feet in a traveling shawl.

"A very imprudent creature for a married woman," Mrs. James remarked to her husband, when describing the pair, "for she had on thin-soled garters, and the frost not fairly out of the ground, though to be sure they rode from the depot. But every one knows what a house that I have done my best to keep it aired. A little, thin, velvet mantle, too; she was glad enough to get that shawl around her before she got out of the house. I don't believe he's so very fond of her; either, for all he had her feet wrapped up in his lap; for he seemed to hesitate so, when she began to say what she would like to have done, and had to give up to him in every thing. He's selfish, you may depend."

"You women jump at things so," said the former, nursing little Joe, the baby, on his knee, while his wife was busy about supper. "I guess you'll have a chance to find out, though, for he seemed to have pretty much made up his mind to take the place. He talked as if he had plenty of money; too, that's comfortable; the old man needs a fortune put upon it."

And plenty had been spent, judging from the extent of the repairs and the beauty of the decorations that went on from the moment Highwood passed into Mr. Livingston's hands. Everything was guided by the most finished taste. Out of doors, the lawn, the shrubbery and the garden began to brighten, a green house and graperies glistened in the sun, a monster stable, with all manner of odd little turkeys and weather-cocks, was built; while all over the farm, barns, and fences, and walls were placed in the most thorough condition, to the delight of the farmer's heart.

But the change in the old house was the most magical of all. Bay windows and casements lighted up the interior, the drawing-room gilded with frescoed panels and gilded mirrors let into the wall; a conservatory, and even an aviary were added to the dining room; delicately-tinted French paper replaced the green stains of the chambers. Curtains, and carpets, and pictures, and elegant suits of carved furniture did the rest.

Mrs. James watched all these proceedings from day to day with the most vivid and womanly interest. Once or twice Mrs. Livingston had been up to give some orders to the upholsterers, and had asked her to see that they were executed; so she was not intruding when she went from room to room, and floor to floor, wondering, admiring, and—we grieve to write it—at last, envying the mistress of all this elegance.

The family were to take possession soon. Mrs. James had been over the house for the last time, that morning, and delivered up the keys to the housekeeper, who drove up from the city in the beautiful carriage she had just seen aired and brushed in front of the stables. The housekeeper seemed inclined to be very friendly and communicative. There were to be six of them, in all, she said, besides the coachman and gardener, a French cook and waiter, both men, a laundress and seamstress, and chambermaid; five in the kitchen, for of course so fine a person as Mrs. Root did not class herself with the rest of the household.

"And how many in family?" Mrs. James had ventured to ask.

"As to that, we never can tell from one day to another, my dear," returned Mrs. Root, patronizingly. "Sometimes only them two, sometimes nobody but her, and then again a house full for weeks together, that keeps us all flying, with no end of dinner company when we are in town."

"No children, then?"

"No, indeed, which is a great comfort; for, between you and me, nurses have been the very bone of my life; they get spoiled so; the mothers think they could not live without that particular individual, because, not knowing anything themselves about children, they believe all that's told 'em; and they indulge the youngsters so, that the minute I complain of any of their topping ways, and they are going to be sent off, all of 'em set to, and cry, and scream, and stamp, and say that their dear Margaret or Ann *shan't* go; and their mother gives in for peace's sake. I've seen enough of it; and one of Mrs. Livingston's recommendations, when she came to engage me, was that there wasn't any children!"

"Not a care in the world," thought Mrs. James, recalling this conversation, as she held up the next article in her basket to search for thin pieces, "not so much as a baby to look after—all the heart can ask. Look at that house! the very cook's room with a carpet better than my only one, down on that front room there eight years; and birds to amuse herself with—plenty of company, if she gets tired of being alone—that elegant carriage, and a horse for a side-along beside, and not a hand's turn to do about the house. It doesn't look to me fair that I should be slaving from morning till night. It's nothing but work! work! work! from the minute I am out of bed, till I get in again."

The time had been when Mrs. James, so far from grieving over the necessity for her industry, was very proud of it. When her husband came from the store Saturday nights, as he did sometimes, and repeated the compliments he had received, as well as the liberal payment for her better and eggs—which she could always have for herself and the children—how proud and happy it had made her!

When the minister's wife said, "I declare, Mrs. James, you are the smartest little woman I ever knew, to keep such a neat house, and nice-looking children—Mr. Phelps and I always speak of it when we come here"—she was so elated that she carried her head high an inch higher the next Sunday morning, walking into her pew with Peter and the twins, as neat as hands could make them, and reflecting on the baby and the roast beef laid at home in charge of the hired man.

She used to say, in those days, "What if she did work hard, she was well paid for it; dear knows! if there were not so many of them, and boys, too," thought Mrs. James, presently, as she adjusted a patch on the little gray trousers of one of the twins. "It's very hard that I should have so many children; there will be five under seven years! only think of it!—I don't think

and somehow sewing rested her from house-work; and there was the man to help her churn; and Peter, little Peter's father, wasn't like some men, but took as much care of the children when he was in the house as she did." Mrs. James did not have a very happy summer. The work dragged somehow; she never suspected how much willing hands do to make it go lightly; the mending-basket never was emptied from week to week; the children's dress and her own grew more and more; and, worst of all, her husband often came home, not cross—but it wasn't his way—but moody and gloomy, and silent, instead of whistling and singing about the house, as he always used to do.

If he would have answered back, when she poured out her complaints, it would have been a relief—but he only got up, and put down his newspaper with a slow sort of sigh, and walked out of the house—especially when he began to worry about not getting ahead, and so many mouths to feed, and so many children always under foot. That was the burden of her lamentations, commence where she would.

It did not help the matter any to spend so much time in watching the doings at Highwood and listening to the gossip of Mrs. Root and the head gardener, who came in quite neighborly. She could see the house very distinctly from the side windows, and even distinguish the light figure of Mrs. Livingston from her guests, as they walked the piazza in the cool shade of the morning, or strolled down to the green-house, and came back loaded with spoils.

Later in the day, the open landau, or the low carriage, sometimes both of them, would be driven with a dash and glitter up to the entrance; and the ladies, in the lightest of lace mantles, and floating bouquets, and gay little French bonnets, were driven off, leaving back with that listless manner, as if it were an every-day matter—yes, of course, it was—their hands crossed before them in pretty helplessness, laughing and chatting among themselves, and unconscious of the existence of any other human being out of "their set."

Sometimes Mrs. Livingston catered past on her saddle-horse, looking very lovely in her round hat, and plume, and full-green riding habit—Mrs. James admired and envied her in most of her occasions. How white peignoirs in the morning, with fluttering ribbons and elegant embroidered petticoats, a different dress for driving out, and still another for evening; so with all her guests.

There were no young people in the family who lived at Highwood when she came there, only an infirm couple, very far advanced in life who went out but little, and saw no company.

This was the first time Mrs. James had ever come in contact with merely fashionable people, who lived apparently for the enjoyment of the hour. Now and then she would have a nearer view. For novelty's sake, Mrs. Livingston would walk over with her visitors to see the pretty little lawn in which the farm-house was nestled—Words seemed to be insufficient for the praises they rang upon it, and its mistress, and the sturdy little ones tumbling about on the grass and rocks, and looking all the more picturesque for their torn straw hats and check aprons.

Little Joe especially became the favorite with these grand people for his bright eyes and red cheeks, and tangled curls; and sometimes, when Mrs. Livingston chanced to be alone—for it was noticeable that her husband seldom remained at Highwood when there was no company—she would send for the child to pass the morning with her, so that he lost all shyness, and was ever ready to go to the "pretty lady," as he called her.

Mrs. James heard, from these birds of passage, that she was to be envied her snug little house and beautiful children; but it did not convince her in the least.

Mrs. Livingston walked over, one afternoon, and sat down, in her quiet, familiar way, on the porch, where the sewing basket was regularly placed. The summer was almost gone; indeed, September had come, and with it a most oppressive heat, that seemed more like August. Disheveled, she came clear away from Mrs. James' tidy kitchen, the table set back against the wall, the yellow-painted floor swept free of dust or crumbs, the dishes all in their places on the dresser—There were white hall curtains at the windows, moved by a most welcome breeze that was springing up; and Joe's pet kitten slept in the sunshine by the outer sill.

Mrs. Livingston could see into the room from her seat on the porch; and its orderly quiet rested her, for she had left a house full of people at Highwood, who had done nothing all day but lounge about and complain of the heat; and she had yet to go back and dress for a long, fatiguing dinner; and in the evening, the jar of the sharp click of the billiard balls, the jar of dances, or the monotony of the card-table, whether she felt like exerting herself or not.

She was in her morning dress still—an India muslin robe, trimmed with lace, and lined with violet silk. Bows of violet ribbon fastened it at the throat and waist, and looped up the flowing sleeves. What round, white arms, how soft and slender, the hands shining with rings—diamonds, and a single emerald even more costly—clashed about her knee! Yet the face had a worn, listless look, except when it brightened at the voice of the children. Mrs. James stretched away in silence. Mrs. Livingston always said: "Now, don't let me disturb you; I shall not come again if you do." And whether by design or not, she never did intrude on washing or baking days, or before the house was settled down, and the afternoon's clean apron and collar could be put on.

The first time she came, the mistress of Highwood had been shown into the little best sitting room, where the chairs stood at precise right angles with each other, and no article of furniture seemed capable of changing its position, any more than if it were of iron. Mrs. James was in a flutter, too, and looked as if she were to put on a badge dress and worked collar, in which she looked as little at ease as her best room.

But Mrs. Livingston asked to be shown the house, and admired the kitchen, and sympathized with the leaky roof, and promised that it should be attended to, and suggested a way of enlarging the bed-room, by taking in a door pantry, or store-room, and adding an outer kitchen for the heavy work, with the milk-room at one end—Finally, she established herself in the doorway, just where she was sitting now, and when she came alone after that, refused to be entertained anywhere else. By degrees the stiffness and flutter of those visits wore off, and Mrs. James sewed and talked, and incessantly fell into enumerating the hardships of her lot, which always seemed aggravated by the sight of Mrs. Livingston's dainty toilet and abundant leisure.

"Come here, little Joe," the visitor said, holding out her hand to the flushed, half-posting child who had rolled out of an afternoon nap on the low trundle-bed, and stood barefoot on the floor, eying her through his curls.

The sulky little face visibly brightened at the sound of her voice, and the assurance that the mother's visit was no other than the pretty lady he loved next to her; and, edging along, he was soon seated in her lap, and playing with the rings that were an endless wonder and amusement.

"That's just the way it goes, Mrs. Livingston," sighed Mrs. James, preparing to get up and bring the child's shoes and stockings, "it's nothing but waiting on one or the other all the while. Here I'd just got Peter off to school—he's begun to go to this quarter—and washed Johnny and Tommy, and put on their clean aprons, and just as I got about ten stitches done, up wakes Joe, and all to go over again; and by that their father sends for me to hunt up something out of his tool chest, and then it's time to put on the tea-kettle, and so it is."

"They keep you pretty busy, I'm sure," said Mrs. Livingston, cheerfully, "but you wouldn't mind part with one of them for all."

She said this a little nervously, and watched for the answer.

"I don't know about that; wait till you come to have four all of a size."

"I wish I had six for that matter, rather than none; I shall never have any children."

"You're young yet; you can't tell!"—and Mrs. James thought "people never do know when they are well off."

"I am older than you and have been married quite as long, Mrs. James." It seemed scarcely possible, so maternally was she so, so slight and girlish the figure of the other still. "Oh, you don't know, you can't tell how I envy you! I never come here without it," said Mrs. Livingston, a moment after. "There can be no love, no happiness like it. Childless! you don't know what a word that is!"

"I could bear all the rest," she was going to add, "and perhaps it would not be so if he was a father!" but the chief bitterness was unspoken, only her face wore a convulsed, miserable look, that Mrs. James marvelled at, but could not understand. "I don't read my Bible very often—not as often as I should, I know—but when I do, it always opens up to me the story of Hannah and Rachel. Perhaps you wonder at that with that listless manner, as if it were an every-day matter—yes, of course, it was—their hands crossed before them in pretty helplessness, laughing and chatting among themselves, and unconscious of the existence of any other human being out of "their set."

Mrs. James did wonder. Could it be possible that children were really a blessing, and not a trial, after all!

But Mrs. Livingston was not unpracticed in quick self-control. Her daily life taught her that, perhaps, of all the people she called friends who had eaten at her table and slept under her roof, that summer, no one had ever seen so far from her heart. When she lifted her head a moment after, there was only the winning, coaxing smile of one who comes to ask a favor, and is seldom refused. How much anxiety is masked in one could tell. "Well, then, since children are only a trouble, so much the better for me," she said, lightly, "so much the more hope that I shall get what I want my heart on; and Mr. Livingston consents to. We want to rid you of part of your burden, and carry off little Joe. Say 'please,' pretty, my boy, and come and have me for your mamma, and a little pony with a long tail, and a hat and feather like mine. Oh, what fine times we shall have!"

It was said gaily enough, and the child clapped his hands at the prospect of the pony and the plume. A quick pang of jealous fear shot through his mother's heart, and she put her hands out involuntarily to take him away.

"I am quite in earnest," said Mrs. Livingston, more quietly, still retaining the child. "I have always had a fancy for him, and when I saw Mr. Livingston's notion was attracted, the thought flashed into my mind, though I never should have thought of it if you had not told me so often what care and trouble you had with so many—We do not wish to rob you five hundred or a thousand dollars, if that is not enough to give the rest a start in the world; and poor little Joe will not be missed among so many. Tell her to say I may have you, my boy; she does not care half as much for you as I do."

But the face into which she looked for consent was only blank with wonder and dismay. Part with little Joe! Give up all right and title to the baby who had never slept from her arm since the day he was born? Let him be called by another name, and taught to forget that she had borne him? Was Mrs. Livingston trying her? Perhaps she was only jesting after all.

"I do not think it would answer," said the petitioner, taking hope from the silence, "if we were to continue to live here; but perhaps you know that Mr. Livingston has decided to go abroad—to Europe—in November, and as we may stay some years, to sell the place. It is his money—"for Mrs. James forgot the boy for the moment in wonder at this unlooked for intelligence. "He is never contented long in any place. I never allowed myself to get attached to any place, only this child; I could not help that; I tried, but you do not know the cravings for innocent baby kisses, and fond words, and the patter of little feet about a great, lonely house. If he were to grow up here it might make you and him unhappy when he came to understand it; but as we are going away and he will have our name, he will never know anything of it, and I am sure you will trust me to take care of him, and educate and be proud of him."

Mrs. Livingston spoke fast and eagerly, not exactly understanding the manner of Mrs. James, who only rose and called the child into the house, to be dressed, in a harsh, husky voice, grasping him so tightly that he screamed and struggled to get back to his friend; but she was going. "If you do not," and whether by design or not, she never did intrude on washing or baking days, or before the house was settled down, and the afternoon's clean apron and collar could be put on.

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But the face into which she looked for consent was only blank with wonder and dismay. Part with little Joe! Give up all right and title to the baby who had never slept from her arm since the day he was born? Let him be called by another name, and taught to forget that she had borne him? Was Mrs. Livingston trying her? Perhaps she was only jesting after all.

"I do not think it would answer," said the petitioner, taking hope from the silence, "if we were to continue to live here; but perhaps you know that Mr. Livingston has decided to go abroad—to Europe—in November, and as we may stay some years, to sell the place. It is his money—"for Mrs. James forgot the boy for the moment in wonder at this unlooked for intelligence. "He is never contented long in any place. I never allowed myself to get attached to any place, only this child; I could not help that; I tried, but you do not know the cravings for innocent baby kisses, and fond words, and the patter of little feet about a great, lonely house. If he were to grow up here it might make you and him unhappy when he came to understand it; but as we are going away and he will have our name, he will never know anything of it, and I am sure you will trust me to take care of him, and educate and be proud of him."

Mrs. Livingston spoke fast and eagerly, not exactly understanding the manner of Mrs. James, who only rose and called the child into the house, to be dressed, in a harsh, husky voice, grasping him so tightly that he screamed and struggled to get back to his friend; but she was going. "If you do not," and whether by design or not, she never did intrude on washing or baking days, or before the house was settled down, and the afternoon's clean apron and collar could be put on.

The first time she came, the mistress of Highwood had been shown into the little best sitting room, where the chairs stood at precise right angles with each other, and no article of furniture seemed capable of changing its position, any more than if it were of iron. Mrs. James was in a flutter, too, and looked as if she were to put on a badge dress and worked collar, in which she looked as little at ease as her best room.

But Mrs. Livingston asked to be shown the house, and admired the kitchen, and sympathized with the leaky roof, and promised that it should be attended to, and suggested a way of enlarging the bed-room, by taking in a door pantry, or store-room, and adding an outer kitchen for the heavy work, with the milk-room at one end—Finally, she established herself in the doorway, just where she was sitting now, and when she came alone after that, refused to be entertained anywhere else. By degrees the stiffness and flutter of those visits wore off, and Mrs. James sewed and talked, and incessantly fell into enumerating the hardships of her lot, which always seemed aggravated by the sight of Mrs. Livingston's dainty toilet and abundant leisure.

"Come here, little Joe," the visitor said, holding out her hand to the flushed, half-posting child who had rolled out of an afternoon nap on the low trundle-bed, and stood barefoot on the floor, eying her through his curls.

The sulky little face visibly brightened at the sound of her voice, and the assurance that the mother's visit was no other than the pretty lady he loved next to her; and, edging along, he was soon seated in her lap, and playing with the rings that were an endless wonder and amusement.

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PUBLIC LAWS OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

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PUBLIC LAWS OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

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Kennebec & Portland Railroad.



Two through Trains between Augusta and Boston Daily.

SPRING & SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

ON and after Monday, April 4, 1859, trains will leave Augusta for Portland, Boston and Lowell at 8.30 A. M., 11.30 A. M. Augusta for Bath, Brunswick, Yarmouth, &c. 5.30 A. M., 1.50 P. M. Portland for Bath, Brunswick, Richmond, Gardiner and Augusta at 1.00 P. M., 8.15 P. M. Bath for Portland, Boston and Lowell at 6.25 A. M., 12.28 P. M. Bath for Brunswick, Gardiner and Augusta 12.28 P. M., 9 P. M. Brunswick for Bath at 7.10 A. M., 2.25 P. M., 9.46 P. M.

The 5.30 A. M. train from Augusta, and the 6.25 A. M. train from Bath connect with the train leaving Portland for Boston and Lowell, arriving at Boston at 1.45 P. M. in season for the trains for New York, Albany, &c.

The 11.30 A. M. train connects at Augusta with the Somerset and Kennebec trains, taking their passengers from Skowhegan, Kendall's Mills, Waterville, Newport, Bangor, &c., arriving at Portland in season to connect with the 3 P. M. train for Boston and Lowell.

STAGE CONNECTIONS, &c.

Stages leave Bath at 9.00 A. M. and 3.00 P. M. for Wiscasset, Damariscotta, Waldoborough, Warren, Thomaston and Rockland. Leave Bath daily, at 3.00 P. M. for Wintunna, Phillipsburg, Packard's Head and Small Point Harbor.

Stages leave Augusta daily for Belfast and Rockland.

B. H. CUSHMAN,
Manager and Superintendent, K. & P. R. R.

PORTLAND AND BOSTON:
The Fast and Favorite Steamer
CHARLES H. BROWN.

WILL leave Augusta for Portland (until further notice) on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 o'clock, Hal- lowell at 9.20, Gardiner at 10, Richmond at 11, and Bath at 12, and arriving at Portland in season to connect with the Boston and Portland Train, giving passengers three hours' time in Portland, by the Boat, and in time for the Boston Train for Sea, Biddeford, &c.

Returning will leave Portland for Augusta and intermediate landings, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock.

FARES—From Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner to Portland, \$1.00; from Richmond to Portland 75 cts.; from Bath to Portland, 50 cts.; from Augusta and Hallowell to Bath, 50 cts.; from Gardiner to Portland, 50 cts.; from Richmond to Bath, 25 cts. Through Fares to Boston as low as by any other route.

Freight taken at low rates to Portland and Boston. Also to and from New York, in connection with Steamers from Portland.

AGENTS—Dering & Turner, Augusta; A. H. Howard, Hallowell; A. Lordy, Gardiner; J. F. Robinson, Richmond; John R. Brown, Bath; Cyrus Standford, Portland.

Augusta, April 6, 1859.

PROPELLER NOTICE.

The new and staunch Propeller
C. W. DEXTER,
N. H. MACOMBER, Master.

WILL commence her weekly trips between AUGUSTA and BOSTON, on or about the first of May, touching at the principal towns on the Kennebec, leaving Augusta the first of every week, until after which date.

AGENTS—Augusta, FRANKLIN WINGATE, Hallowell, A. WALL, Gardiner, W. B. GAY, Richmond, J. F. BATES, Bowdoinham, S. O. W. RICHMOND, Bath, D. F. FESCOB.

Augusta, April 20, 1859.

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Books, Newspapers, Magazines, &c.

No. 100 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Miscellaneous orders for the trade supplied at lowest prices. Are special agents for Harper & Bro's and A. O. Moore's Agricultural Publications.

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This work has attained an unprecedented popularity—edition after edition has been printed, and the demand still continues. Upwards of
40,000 COPIES
have been sold. For beauty of diction and originality of expression, many of these LIFE THOUGHTS are without an equal in the English language.

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This Memoir comprises the most important events in the life of a statesman second to none of his contemporaries in laborious and faithful devotion to the service of his country. It is a book that should find a place in every library.

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This work comprises selections from the sacred poetry of all times and nations, and is a fitting and beautiful ornament for the center table.

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COMPILED BY HON. NATHAN CROSBY.

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The first of a series of volumes to be published annually, containing obituary notices of all persons of prominence who have died during the year. It is very valuable as a work for reference.

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OR
PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.
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The Atlantic Monthly,
A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART AND POLITICS.

Price \$3 a year; five copies for \$10.

A new serial by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE was commenced in the December number, and will be continued throughout the present year. It is entitled

"THE MINISTER'S WOODING,"
and has called forth the most unqualified approbation from the press and the reading public generally.

ESOP The Publishers have no agents for whose contracts they are responsible.

DOLLIVER & DAVIS,
(Successors to J. H. & W. F. Chittam.)
MERCHANT TAILORS,
AND DEALERS IN
CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS,
No. 8 Arch Row,
A few doors north of the Stanley House,
AUGUSTA, ME.
R. H. DOLLIVER. A. H. S. DAVIS.

CANCERS CURED.
DR. L. J. CROOKER,
BOTANIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Has established himself at
Gettchell's Corner, Vassalboro',

FOR the purpose of giving his professional attention to the CURE OF CANCERS, Uterus, Chronic Discharge, Female Complaints, and Surgical Operations. He has had several years' experience in the treatment of Cancers, and his success in its cure has often times astonishing to himself, so fearful and terrible is the disease. Since he has been located in Vassalboro' he has had more than fifty cases of Cancers, many of them of the most malignant and fearful character, and all of them have been cured, or are doing well, and will eventually be cured.

His treatment is by operating on the Cancer with plaster, using soothing and healing applications, and purifying the blood, and draining the system with issues. The operation is short and more or less painful, but to those who suffer through fear of pain, shall be successfully administered. The evidence of his success is all about him, and he would furnish any number of certificates of cure were it necessary. Let him who are suffering from this terrible disease delay not to make him a visit.

DR. CROOKER will spend every WEDNESDAY in AUGUSTA, at the STANLEY HOUSE.

His terms are reasonable and within the reach of all.

Residence, Gettchell's Corner; post office address, Vassalboro'.

Vassalboro', April 20, 1859.

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REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.
VEGETABLE OINTMENT!

Is perfectly free from any mercurial matter or injurious particles, and in no case will its application interfere with the remedies that may be prescribed by a regular physician. It is an indispensable article of household necessity, being used alike by rich and poor, and has proved itself the sure and certain remedy for all those numerous afflictions, viz.

Burns, Scalds, Felons, Old Sores, Fish Wounds, Piles, Chapped Hands, Chishains, Erysipelas, Skin Nipples, Pustules, Boils, Corns, Warts, Cancer, Ulcers, Whitlows, Warts, Bunions, Ringworms, Itches, Scars, Laps, Sores, Ryeen, Nettle Rash, Salt Rheum, Mucous Itches, Spalds, Blisters, Fish Bites, Stings, Cuts, Bolls, Eruptions, Pimples, Itch, Erysipelas, Rash, Freckles, Sun-Burns, Itches, and, many others.

All Outaneous Discharges and Eruptions Generally!

This salve is put up in metal boxes, three sized, as 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00. The largest also contains the quantity of six of the smallest boxes, and is warranted to retain its virtue in any climate.

REDDING & CO., Proprietors, Boston, Mass.
Barnes & Paxe, Wholesale Agents, 15 and 15 Park Row.

PUBLIC LAWS OF THE STATE OF KENNEBEC

PASSED BY THE THIRTY-EIGHTH LEGISLATURE, A. D. 1859.

AN ACT relating to the annual school returns and the distribution of the State school fund.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Sec. 1. The several examining school committees or supervisors of the several cities, towns and plantations, shall make their annual school returns now required by law into the office of the secretary of State, on the first day of May, and shall give the number of scholars as they exist on the first day of June.

Sec. 2. The secretary of State shall, on the first day of June, notify the school committees of those towns whose returns were not at the office in May, and shall annually ascertain on the first day of July, the number of children between four and twenty-one years of age, in the towns from which returns are received, and furnish a list thereof to the state treasurer, and the treasurer shall immediately after the first day of July apportion to the towns all State school funds for the year, according to such list and in the manner prescribed in section twenty-five chapter eleven of the Revised Statutes.

Sec. 3. All acts and parts of acts, inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed.

Sec. 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its approval by the governor.

[Approved February 15, 1859.]

AN ACT to enable cities and towns, to procure the writing and publication of the histories of the same.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

The inhabitants of cities and towns are hereby authorized and empowered to procure the writing and publication of the histories of their own cities and towns, and for this purpose may raise such sums of money as may be necessary for the same, in the same manner as cities and towns are now authorized to raise money for necessary city and town charges.

[Approved February 15, 1859.]

AN ACT for the protection of burys and burrows.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Any person who shall mow, pull, sow or cut, in any hay or corn, placed by the owner thereof, in any field, or in any navigable water of the State, or who shall in any manner make fast thereto any vessel, boat, saw or raft, shall forfeit and pay, fifty dollars; and any person who shall wilfully remove or destroy any such hay or corn, shall forfeit and pay, one hundred dollars; and be imprisoned in the common jail three months; said forfeitures may be recovered by complaint on debt, before any court competent to hear the case, and the plaintiff or informant and the other half to the county in which the trial shall be had.

[Approved Feb. 19, 1859.]

AN ACT additional to chapter seventy-one of the Revised Statutes relating to sales of real estate by executors, administrators and guardians.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Whenever any administrator, executor or guardian, duly licensed to sell real estate, shall have taken notice of the time and place of sale, have taken the oath required of him by law, but if a certificate of such oath has been not returned to him filed and recorded in the probate court, on the trial of any action respecting said estate, the court may refuse to receive evidence in support of his claim, and if he shall appear and state that such administrator, executor or guardian was duly sworn, it shall have the same effect as though a certificate thereof had been returned, filed and recorded.

Sec. 2. The said certificate shall be returned, filed and recorded by the governor.

[Approved February 24, 1859.]

AN ACT to provide for recording mortgages of attachment on real estate.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Whenever an attachment on real estate shall be dissolved in the manner specified in section thirty-three of chapter eighty-one of the Revised Statutes, the register of deeds for the county in which such attachment was recorded, shall note the fact upon the margin of the record of the same, whenever there shall be produced to him a certificate of the clerk of the court in which the judgment for the defendant shall have been rendered, stating the fact that final judgment has been rendered for said defendant, and the clerk of the court shall give such certificate to any person applying for the same upon the payment of a fee of twenty-five cents.

Sec. 2. An attachment on real estate may also be discharged by the plaintiff in the suit in which the same is made, by causing a discharge thereon, under his hand to be made and filed in the probate court, or by a certificate under the hand and seal of such plaintiff, and to be acknowledged before a justice of the peace, to the effect that said attachment, in whole or in part, had been and was thereby discharged; and such certificate shall be received and recorded by the register of deeds, who shall enter a reference thereon on the margin of the record of said attachment.

The register of deeds shall receive twice cents for entering a discharge of an attachment on the record of the record and twice cents for recording said certificate, including the reference thereto as aforesaid.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its approval by the governor.

[Approved March 3, 1859.]

AN ACT to amend section thirty-four of chapter seventy-six of the Revised Statutes, relating to adjournment of sales by officers in certain cases.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Section thirty-four of chapter seventy-six of the Revised Statutes of this State is amended by adding the following, viz: and when said officer is unable by reason of sickness or other cause to appear at the time appointed for the sale, he may cause to be put in writing by some person, or by some other person who can legally serve the precept on which the sale is to be made, said officer, appointing the time and place of sale might do, and he shall have authority to make all necessary returns, and do all acts in relation hereto in the same manner as the officer appointed to do the same, and the said officer shall be entitled to the same fee as said section shall have said as follows:

Sec. 2. If the officer appointed to do the same, on account of sickness or other cause, is unable to appear at the time appointed for the sale, he may cause to be put in writing by some person, or by some other person who can legally serve the precept on which the sale is to be made, said officer, appointing the time and place of sale might do, and he shall have authority to make all necessary returns, and do all acts in relation hereto in the same manner as the officer appointed to do the same, and the said officer shall be entitled to the same fee as said section shall have said as follows:

Sec. 3. If the officer appointed to do the same, on account of sickness or other cause, is unable to appear at the time appointed for the sale, he may cause to be put in writing by some person, or by some other person who can legally serve the precept on which the sale is to be made, said officer, appointing the time and place of sale might do, and he shall have authority to make all necessary returns, and do all acts in relation hereto in the same manner as the officer appointed to do the same, and the said officer shall be entitled to the same fee as said section shall have said as follows:

Sec. 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its approval by the governor.

[Approved March 3, 1859.]

AN ACT relating to the powers of notaries public.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

When a notary public is authorized by the laws of this state, or of the United States, or by the laws of any other state or country to do any official act, he may administer any oath necessary to the completion or validity of such official act.

[Approved March 5, 1859.]

AN ACT regulating actions of foreign attachment.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. In all actions commenced by trustee process in the supreme judicial court, or before a municipal or police court, or justice of the peace, upon a judgment of either of said courts, or justices, when an execution might legally issue thereon, and it shall be made to appear to such courts or justices, that at the time of bringing such action, the defendant was not a resident of this State, and that the plaintiff was not a resident of this State, or that it was brought for the purpose of vexation, or to accumulate costs, the action at any time, on motion, shall abate with costs to the defendant.

Sec. 2. This act shall be in force from and after its approval by the governor.

[Approved March 13, 1859.]

AN ACT to punish for intoxication.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Any person hereafter found intoxicated in any street, highway or public place, or found intoxicated in any private building or place, disturbing the peace of the public, or of his own or any other family, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five dollars, but if after conviction he is again guilty he shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days; and such offence may be prosecuted before a justice of the peace, or before a police or municipal court within thirty days after they are committed, but said judge or justice of the peace may render judgment in whole or in part whenever he shall become satisfied that the public welfare requires the same.

Section 2. Any such person found intoxicated as aforesaid may be taken into custody by any sheriff, deputy sheriff, marshal or deputy marshal, police officer or watchman, and committed to the watch house, or to any other suitable place until complaint can be made and warrant issued against him.

Sec. 3. All acts or parts of acts, inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

[Approved March 13, 1859.]

AN ACT to amend the fifty-second section of the fourth chapter of the Revised Statutes, relating to fish in ponds in Kennebec and Somerset counties.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Whenever any man, woman or other obstruction in Snow, Great, Little, or Long ponds, or in any other ponds in Kennebec or Somerset counties, shall be in the counties of Kennebec or Somerset, for the purpose of taking, destroying or obstructing the free passage of fish therein, shall forfeit two dollars; and whoever takes or destroys any fish therein, except by dip net or hook and line, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one dollar for each fish so taken or destroyed; and these penalties may be recovered by indictment or by complaint before a justice of the peace, one half thereof to the plaintiff and the other half to the State.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from and after its approval by the governor.

[Approved March 14, 1859.]

AN ACT to provide for the commutation of the sentence of certain persons.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Whenever any person has been or may be sentenced to confinement in the State Prison, or to any other place of confinement, and it shall be made to appear to the public interest and the welfare of the convict, commute said sentence to confinement in any county jail, then to be supported at the charge of the State, at an expense not exceeding one hundred dollars, and the said person shall be entitled to the same fee as said section shall have said as follows:

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from and after its approval by the governor, and shall continue to be in force for the term of four years, and no longer.

[Approved March 14, 1859.]

AN ACT relating to the admission of attorneys at law to practice.

BE IT ENACTED by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. The supreme judicial court or any justice thereof shall appoint annually, in each county, an examining committee of three or more persons, learned in the law, whose duty it shall be to examine thoroughly, touching his qualifications as a lawyer, any person who may desire to be admitted to practice as an attorney at law in the judicial courts of this State; and if said committee or a majority thereof, upon such examination, shall be satisfied that the applicant possesses the requisite qualifications, they shall certify that he is entitled to a good moral character, they shall give him a certificate to that effect.

Sec. 2. The twenty-first section of the seventy-ninth chapter of the Revised Statutes, which relates to the admission of attorneys at law to practice, shall be amended so as to read as follows: "No person shall be admitted to practice until he shall submit himself to such examination, and upon the report of the examining committee, and upon the certificate of the committee duly by law required, and in open court takes and subscribes the oath to support the constitution of the United States, and also takes the following oath, viz: which shall be as follows: "I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the said person is entitled to a good moral character, they shall give him a certificate to that effect."

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect from and after its approval by the governor.

[Approved March 14, 1859.]

